THREE SONINKE TALES

HAROLD COURLANDER

Ousmane Sako (or Sakho), a Soninke, was born in Bamako, Mali, in 1946. He studied in Dakar and Paris, and speaks both French and English as well as his native tongue. He told these stories in English, with occasional recourse to French. They were recorded on tape, and the narrator himself made written notes on the stories as he told them.

The narratives all allude to the early years of the Soninke and Mandingo peoples, whose histories and traditions are intertwined. According to Sako, the stories are from the repertoires of *dieli*, or *griots*, a hereditary class of bards who have preserved the memory of ancient Ghana and Mali. In his written notes he recalls the words of Boubou Hama, former President of the National Assembly of the Niger Republic, that "in Africa, every old one who dies is a library burned." The *dieli* are one of a number of Soninke hereditary groups of lesser rank than the noble families: *naumou*, workers of iron, gold and silver; *garamke*, workers of leather, and *dieli*, of whom there are several sub-classes. Inasmuch as the *dieli* were the main transmitters of history, legend and genealogy, it is not strange that some of their stories should account for the beginnings of their own profession. As will be observed, accounts of "the first *dieli*" often do not agree with one another.

In the introduction to his book *African Genesis*, Douglas C. Fox points out that the old narratives of the Soninke are permeated with concepts of chivalrous behavior and honor. He observes that "single combat could occur only between equals, with spear and sword, and if a hero of any one of the upper castes had to fight with men of lower standing . . . he showed his contempt for them by using only his saddle girth or a whip.[1] The three stories given here are unquestionably briefer versions of the long poems recited by bards, but they retain some of the poetic feelings of the bardic recitations as well as the themes of heroic action, honor, and chivalrous behavior.

THE ORIGIN OF DIELI

What I am going to speak about happened in ancient times, and tells how we came to have *dieli* to sing about the deeds of heroes and their families.

There were two brothers, one younger, one older, who went hunting for game in the bush. They traveled far, but they did not find any game to kill. One, two, three days they were in the bush, hunting, hunting. They did not find anything. They became lost. They did not know how to return to their village. Hunger overtook them. Because it was the dry season there was no fruit for them to eat. Because they could not find game, they had no meat to eat.

On the fourth day the younger brother said to the older, "My brother, I cannot go any further. I am too hungry. I have no strength to go on. If I am to die, I will die here."

The older brother answered, "Yes, rest here. You are my younger brother and I do not want you to die. I will go on ahead and try to find a small animal of some kind. Then you will have something to eat. Wait for me. I will come back."

The older left the younger and went ahead. He did not find anything. There was no game of any kind. At last he took out his knife and cut a piece of meat from his thigh, and after that he returned to where his younger brother was waiting. He said, "Oh yes! I found a small animal and killed it. Let me make a fire. I will cook the meat for you. When you have eaten it you will feel strong again." He made a fire and cooked the meat. When it was ready, he gave it to the younger brother. The younger brother ate, and his strength returned.

After a while the older brother saw smoke in the distance and knew there must be a village out there. He said, "Oh younger brother, don't you see the smoke in the distance? There is a village at that place. Now we will be saved from starvation. I will go ahead to make certain, then I will come back for you."

The younger brother answered, "No, now I feel strong again. I will go with you."

So they started out. They traveled toward the place where the smoke was rising. The older brother kept his bloody thigh covered as best he could. But blood stained his clothing. And when the younger brother saw that, he asked, "What is it? What happened to you?" He uncovered the wound. He touched it. Then he understood everything.

He said, "Yes, my older brother! Now I understand what you have done for me. Because you saved my life with your

blood (*dieli*),[2] I will be your blood (*dieli*) from this moment on. You saved my life with flesh taken from your thigh. To give someone your flesh and blood is the greatest expression of love. Henceforth I will be your *dieli*. Whatever you ask, I will do it. I will follow you. My family will follow your family. My grandson will follow your grandson. My descendants will follow your descendants forever. We will be as slaves to your family until the end of time."

The younger brother became the slave and bard of the older brother. He was the first *dieli* (*griot*). His descendants became *dieli* of the older brother's descendants. They were called *dieli*, meaning blood, because of the older brother's blood gift that had saved the younger brother's life. Because they wanted to please their masters, the *dieli* became accomplished singers and musicians, and they sang stories of times that had passed, of events and ancestor heroes. To this day, *dieli* pass their knowledge and their songs on to their sons, and the sons become the bards and historians of all those who are descended from the older brother.[3]

Of the two brothers who went hunting together in the bush, the younger brother became the first *dieli*, and ever since that day noble families have had bards to recall the happenings in the time of their ancestors.

THE ABANDONMENT OF WAGADOU

Before the Empire of Sudan, before the Empire of Mali, there was the ancient city of Wagadou, and Wagadou ruled over a great expanse of land. In all directions the fields belonged to Wagadou. Until this day, the *dieli* sing of Wagadou and its greatness. The city, the empire, of Wagadou was prosperous. It was a famous trading center, and traders traveled long distances to get to Wagadou, where they sold commodities for gold or bought commodities for gold, for gold was plentiful in that ancient city, and it flowed back and forth as if it were merely desert sand. The fields of Wagadou were always fertile, and the people had many sheep and cattle. So the *dieli* tell us. But Wagadou had one shortcoming. It was in a region called Nioro, near the place known as Kayes, and water was sometimes scarce there because Nioro lies on the very edge of the Sahara Desert.

The people of Wagadou depended for their water on a great snake called Bida, who lived in a deep well just outside the city. It was Bida who caused the rain to fall on the fields and keep them fertile. Without Bida there would have been no water, no life in Wagadou. For water was life. But the great snake demanded payment for everything he gave to the people. Each year he received a young girl[4] at the edge of the well. The people left her there for the snake to eat, and when he had eaten he left the well for a few days so that the people could draw water from it, and he let the rain fall.

One year when the elders and the holy men of the city had chosen a girl to give to Bida, they went to her family and said, "It is decided that your daughter is the one to go." Her parents could not refuse, for the life of Wagadou depended on it. The girl had a fiancé named Sako, and she went to him and said, "It is I who will be given to the snake." Now, Sako was young and strong, and he didn't respect the ways of the elders. He said to the girl, "No, I will not allow it. Say nothing to anyone, but I will not let the snake have you." He said, "Water is life. It comes from heaven. Why must Wagadou buy it from a snake? Go home now. Do what they tell you to do. Say nothing. I will come at the right time."

The girl returned to her home. That evening the holy men took her and bound her hands and feet. There was a ceremony with singing and dancing. When the night was darkest,

halfway between one day and another, they took her to the edge of the well. They left her there and returned to the city. While they were returning, Sako came to the well on his white horse. He hid behind a tree, holding in his right hand a newly sharpened bush knife. Time passed. Then the great snake put his head out of the well. He saw the girl. He moved toward her. Sako came from behind the tree. He swung his long knife and cut off the snake's head. Instantly another head appeared where the first had been. And when Sako cut off the second head, a third appeared. Sako went on fighting. He cut off the third head, then the fourth. Only when he had severed the seventh head did Bida die. When the snake was without any life, Sako took the girl on his horse and rode away. They did not go back to Wagadou but to another, far distant, city.

Now that Bida was dead, the deep well began to dry up and the rain ceased falling. A drought came upon Wagadou. The once-fertile fields became parched, and nothing grew. The sheep and cattle died of thirst. The people suffered. For seven years no rain fell. Traders from other places no longer came to Wagadou. And when at last the storage jars became empty of food and water, the people of Wagadou departed from their city. They began a great migration. Some went eastward toward the Niger River. Some went beyond the river into what is now Upper Volta. Some went west to Senegal. Some went south and built the Empire of Ghana. Thus, Wagadou was abandoned by its people. Thus the great city died. The desert claimed it. It lived thereafter only in songs of the *dieli*.[5]

The name of the man who killed the snake was Sako. In Mandingo, *sa* means snake and *ko* means back, signifying "Back of the Snake" or "After the Time of the Snake." I am Soninke, and my name is Sako. It could be that I was named after Sako of Wagadou.

TWO BROTHERS, KIRAMA AND KANKEJAN

As all men know from the songs of the *dieli*, Sundiata Keita was one of the greatest rulers of Mali, the Kingdom of the Mande.[6] Yet the origin of Sundiata, not many know of it. Surely he had a mother, as his mother had a mother; and those who gave Sundiata life lived here, lived there, in one place or another, in times more distant than those of Sundiata himself. This story which has been preserved for us by the *dieli* tells of events in those early days which brought forth Sundiata as a living person, the one who extended the Kingdom of the Mande and made it recognized everywhere.

In a certain place was the village called Do, and in that village there lived Kone, an aged woman, and her granddaughter. The people of Do gave this old woman *jakka*; that is to say, they gave her food so that she and the girl could survive. That was the custom among the people in former days. Those who had food shared with those who did not. The rich gave some of their crops to the poor, one part out of twenty. If a man had twenty sheep he gave one as *jakka* so that those who were unfortunate could eat. It was the custom and the law. The spirit of *jakka* was the spirit of respect for all who lived in the village. In this way the poor, the aged, the sick and the crippled were provided the means to go on living.

For a while, the old woman and her granddaughter received a part of the village's crops and meat, and so they survived. But a time came when the people became careless and forgot her. They no longer provided her with anything. Her circumstances became difficult. Because she was old she could not do all the things necessary to sustain her life in dignity.

So the old woman became bitter and pronounced a malediction on the village of Do, saying, "You have forgotten about me. I no longer receive the respect to which I am entitled. Therefore you will share my misfortune. The rains that water your fields will stop, and your crops will dry up. As I suffer,

you too will suffer."What the old woman Kone said came to pass. The rains stopped falling. The fields dried up and turned brown. The food that people had stored away was eaten, and in order to go on living they turned more and more to hunting in the bush.

But the old woman transformed herself into a ferocious rhinoceros, and when hunters came to the bush looking for game she killed them.[7] She had the medicine to make this possible. Many hunters went into the bush and never returned. The people of Do were suffering. They said that if they were to survive, the rhinoceros must be destroyed. Do's best hunters went out to kill her, but their bullets would not penetrate and it was they instead who died. Do was facing starvation because of the rhinoceros. The chief sent word to other Mande villages asking them for help.

In another region of Mande there were two brothers skilled in hunting. The elder was Kirama and the younger was Kankejan. They decided to go to Do to kill the rhinoceros. And so they went to consult their father. Even though they were grown men, they consulted and asked his approval, because it was customary to ask one's father for advice whenever any important enterprise was being undertaken. Their father listened to the brothers. He said, "Yes, I am willing for you to do this, but first you have to go to the village of Kaba and speak of your intentions to Simbo Kalaba. He is a learned man with magical powers."

Simbo Kalaba was a man of great reputation in the Kingdom of the Mande. In Mandingo, *simbo* means elephant. It was a term of respect, and because Kalaba was a personage of standing in Mande he was called Simbo Kalaba. The two young men, Kirama and Kankejan, journeyed to Kaba to see him, and they explained what they wanted to do. He said, "Yes, I understand. Wait a little. Come back and we shall speak of it again." The two brothers went away. Simbo Kalaba brought out his divining tray. He put sand on it and performed the divination.

When Kirama and Kankejan returned, he spoke to them this way: "The enterprise you are undertaking is difficult. It cannot be accomplished in the ordinary way. You will not defeat this formidable animal by force. You will not win by sorcery. You will not win by courage, or heroic deeds. Only by respect and consideration can you achieve your objective." In this way the results of divination are always made known. One is not told, "Do this," or "Do that." What is said by the diviner is mystery, yet mystery with meaning. So what Simbo Kalaba said to Kirama and Kankejan had meaning within, but what the meaning was they did not understand.

Simbo Kalaba also said, "I read in the divination that you will arrive at a certain village. The people of the village will give you a girl as a gift. She will be poor and unsightly. Accept her. Bring her to me, in this way repaying me for the divination I have performed."

The two brothers departed. They journeyed. In time they came to the village of Do. There they saw an old woman carrying a heavy load of firewood on her head. They said to her, "Grandmother, let us help you. We will carry your firewood." The old woman was Kone, who had transformed herself into a rhinoceros. Because of her magical powers, when Kone saw the two brothers she knew that they had come to Do to kill her, that is to say, to kill the rhinoceros. But Kirama and Kankejan did not know who she was. They perceived her only as an old woman carrying firewood. They said again, "It is proper for the young to help the old. Give us the firewood, we will carry it for you."

Kone answered, "No, I don't want help. Why should you carry my firewood? I don't need you." The brothers persisted,

saying, "You are old, Grandmother. It is not right for you to carry when we can carry for you." Kone did not acknowledge them. She kept on her way. Kirama and Kankejan followed her, repeating that they would carry the wood, but she did not stop. So one of the brothers said, "Grandmother, let us give you some of our milk to take home with you." She answered, "No, I don't care for your milk." The other brother said, "Here, then, take these two kolas." Kone refused, saying, "No, I don't want them. Why do you persist? I don't need anything. Let me alone." The brothers followed her to her house. She entered without accepting anything.

Kirama and Kankejan went then to the chief of the village, and they explained to him that they had come to Do because they intended to kill the rhinoceros. "Are you good hunters?" the chief asked them. "Yes, that is why we have made the journey," the brothers said. So the village made a welcome festival for Kirama and Kankejan, and the chief gave them a house to sleep in. People killed a chicken for them and brought them rice.

Now, whenever a chicken or any other animal was killed, it was divided in a certain way. Each part had a special meaning. The head meant something, the legs meant something, the breast meant something. The neck of the animal belonged to the person who killed it. So when the chicken was brought to Kirama and Kankejan, they divided it. They took the breast of the chicken, and placing a chicken leg on top of it, they carried these parts to the old woman, Kone, and offered them to her.

Kone said, "Hé! What are you trying to do? Why do you bring me these parts?" The brothers said, "We bring them out of respect." Kone asked them their names, and they said, "Kirama and Kankejan." She answered, "What do I have to do with Kirama and Kankejan? Are we related? No. Yet you bring me the breast, which is for one's grandmother. I am not your grandmother. You bring me the leg, which is for one's sister. I am not your sister." However, after saying this, Kone accepted the meat because it signified respect. It was said that even if an enemy offered food it should be accepted. Having given the breast and the leg, Kirama and Kankejan returned to their house.

Each day thereafter they brought things to the old woman. They brought groundnuts, milk and other kinds of food. They began to sense that Kone had special knowledge and powers. The fifth day, Kone came to visit them. They conversed until it was very late, and when she was ready to leave they accompanied her home. Before she entered her house she said: "Young men, you have given me the respect to which all people are entitled. If others had done the same, Do would not be suffering. So I am going to reveal secret knowledge to you. I am putting myself in your hands. I give myself to you because I want to die in pride, not abandoned and forgotten."

The brothers didn't understand what the old woman was saying. She seemed to be speaking in riddles. She went on: "I know that you came here to kill the rhinoceros. You came to kill me, for I am the rhinoceros who roams in the bush. Because you shared your food, because you respected me even though I am old and poor, I reveal the secret to you. I brought misery on Do because the village forgot the meaning of respect. Once I was the grandmother of the village. Once the people brought me *jakka*, so that my granddaughter and I could go on living. Then we faded from their minds. I am too old to farm. I am too old to fish. I am no longer regarded as worthwhile, and no one brings me anything. Because of this Do is now suffering. Just as I have nothing, they have nothing. We are equal again. If the whole village is poor, then I am not poor anymore."

The old woman went on, saying, "Now, before I tell you the things you have to know, let us go to the edge of the village." It was the custom then, as it is now, that when a solemn contract was to be made, it was made outside the village where everything was neutral. The parties squatted down, so that they were neither sitting nor standing, suspended between sky and earth. So Kone and the two brothers went out to the edge of the bush and squatted. Kone said: "These are the pledges to be made. I reveal to you the manner in which the rhinoceros can be killed. In return, promise me happiness for my granddaughter. Take her from Do when you go, and see that she is treated well. On this condition, I give myself to you." The brothers said, "Yes, Grandmother, we agree."

The old woman said, "Good. Now this is what must be done. Follow the south trail from the village. There is a grove of trees, and beyond it another grove. On the far side is the water hole where I drink every morning early, just as the sun is rising. Be there in time. You will see me coming from the water hole. Do not place bullets in your gun, for bullets cannot harm me. What you place in the gun is this: two kola nuts, *daikai*[8] and sheep dung." After saying that, the old woman returned to her house in the village.

Kirama and Kankejan also returned to their house. They spoke about what the old woman had told them. Kirama, the older brother, said, "How can I believe what Kone tells us? To kill a rhinoceros one must put a bullet in his gun. The old woman must be mad." Kankejan, the younger brother, said, "My brother, we journeyed a long distance with a purpose in mind. We are here to do a brave deed, something no other hunters in Mande have ever been able to do. We have already been in Do one month. Let us do what we came to do."

So the next morning before dawn they followed the south trail from the village. When they came to the second grove they perceived that the water hole was just beyond. They prepared their gun as the old woman had instructed them, placing in it two kola nuts, *daikai* and sheep dung. Then they climbed a large tree. Kirama still did not believe their gun could kill anything. But when the rhinoceros came from the water hole, Kankejan shot it. With only one shot he killed the rhinoceros. Kirama did not believe the animal was dead. He did not want to come down from the tree. Kankejan came down. He put his foot on the dead animal, saying, "You see, brother, it is dead. Come down, come down." Kirama still would not come down. He said, "Before I believe the rhinoceros is dead you will have to cut off its tail and show it to me." So the younger brother cut off the animal's tail and held it up for Kirama to see. Then Kirama saw that the rhinoceros was truly dead. He began to sing a praise song about Kankejan: "O, my younger brother, you are brave! You have performed a heroic and glorious deed." He recited Kankejan's ancestry and all the deeds he had accomplished in his life.

There are some who say that when Kankejan cut off the tail of the rhinoceros it was the beginning of a tradition. Thereafter, whenever a hunter killed an animal in the bush he cut off its tail and displayed it as proof of his accomplishment. And it is said by some, though not all, that when Kirama sang the praise song to Kankejan he began the tradition of *griots* singing praise songs to honor the deeds of great men. It is said by them that Kirama was the first *griot*, but whether this is truly true we do not know.

The two brothers returned to the village of Do and showed the people the tail of the dead rhinoceros, saying, "We have destroyed the animal who has been killing your hunters. Now you may go safely into the bush after meat." The village was

happy. Everyone admired them for their accomplishment.

Now it was the custom in those days that whenever someone performed a great deed, the king or the village chief would reward him with a gift. The chief would ask, "What do you want? Tell me what you would like to have." And the man would say this or that. In those days the kingdoms and villages were very rich, and the rewards to heroes were bountiful. A hero might say, "I want one hundred young girls," or "one hundred slaves," or "one hundred horses"—one hundred of anything. He might say that he wanted the king's land, or the king's sword. He might say that he wanted to be the chief of the village, or that he wanted to be king. Whatever he asked for, it was given to him because it was a matter of honor and it could not be refused. So when the chief of Do asked Kirama and Kankejan what they wanted, everyone waited expectantly for their answer.

The brothers were thinking of the debt that they owed to Simbo Kalaba, the seer who had divined for them. So they answered the chief, saying, "There is only one thing we want, a young girl for a wife." The chief said, "Good." He ordered that a festival be held and that all the village's unmarried girls should be presented. Many of the girls were very beautiful, but the brothers did not choose any of them. The chief said, "Which girl do you choose?" They replied, "No, we do not see the one we want." The chief said, "We can only offer what we have. Look again. You will see one that pleases you." The brothers exclaimed, "Ah!" signifying impatience. They said, "Did you bring all of them? Are there no others?"

Then one of the chief's advisers, a *griot*, said, "Oh, perhaps there is one more. An old woman named Kone has just died, and she left a granddaughter." Now, Kone lived in two forms, one human and one as a rhinoceros. And when the rhinoceros was killed in the bush, Kone in her human form died in her house. The village did not understand that Kone and the rhinoceros were the same person, only that the old woman had come to the end of her life. When the *griot* mentioned Kone's granddaughter, another *griot* said to him, "Oh, no! Why do you speak of her? Do you think these heroes would choose an ugly, dirty beggar girl with sores on her skin? Don't think about it!" The first *griot* answered, "Who knows what they are looking for? They want to see all the girls in the village."

So the people brought Kone's granddaughter from her house. She did not resemble the others in any way. Her clothes were rags, and she did not have enough to cover her. Dust and scabs were on her skin. Some of the people turned away because she was so unsightly. But Kirama and Kankejan said at once, "Yes, this is the one we like." People said among themselves, "Haah? This is the one? All these beautiful girls, and they choose the old woman's granddaughter?" The chief saw that the brothers were in earnest. He said, "If this is truly the one you want, take her."

Kirama and Kankejan took the girl. They left Do and brought her to the diviner, Simbo Kalaba. The old man looked at her. He said, "Yes, this is the one I have been waiting for." Simbo Kalaba took the girl for his wife.

In time the girl gave birth to a daughter. The daughter grew into a woman, and she too married. She had a son, and his name was Sundiata Keita. When he grew to manhood he became the great King of the Mande. His grandmother was the beggar girl from Do where Kirama and Kankejan, two hunters, killed the rhinoceros that had brought evil and misfortune upon the village. These events of ancient times have been recounted to us often by the *griots*. In this way, Kirama, Kankejan and Kone are remembered. □

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7. The list of ailments and injuries commonly cited as being successfully treated by the healers is formidable: fractures, ulcers, severed fingers, snake bites, open wounds exposing vital organs, and diverse internal diseases.
8. Unlike smithing and brasscasting, the textile industry has become increasingly more lucrative despite the inroads of cultural and technological change in the region. In the area of the Dikodougou Sous-préfecture to the south-west of Korhogo, enclaves of full-time weavers belonged to no less than three different artisan groups: the Dyula, the Tyedunbele, and the Kpëñëbele (the latter two speak Senufo dialects). The *fila* painting itself lies at the roots of an even more successful economic development in contemporary Senufo textiles and a new direction in Senufo graphics: the tourist-directed "Korhogo cloths." These appealing compositions of lively animal and masquerade figures have their roots in older, traditional graphic forms such as *fila* and shrine paintings. This historical relationship is briefly discussed in my brief note in *Ba Shiru* (no. 4, 1972), "Senufo Graphic Arts".

FOSS, *Notes, from page 62*
I would like to take this opportunity to acknowledge those who were of special assistance to me during my investigations of Urhobo mat-making. I would particularly like to thank Erhinyodjarhe Ighoovo, who first opened my eyes to the beauty of Urhobo mats and whose energy and talent have been a constant inspiration. I am also grateful to E. B. Wetan, the Ovie William Anyakweta Bialadja, and Chief and Mrs. T. E. A. Salubi. Special thanks go to Uyovwitemu Jedje and the elders of her village. In this country, I would like to thank Perkins Foss for his constant encouragement, Jean Borgatti for the generous use of her camera and photographs, and Ina Anderson for her expert guidance on weaving techniques.
1. M. O. Otedoh, "Raphia Palms: Their Utilization in Jeremi Clan of Mid-Western Nigeria," *The Nigerian Agricultural Journal* 9, 2 (1972): 174-182.
2. In "Raphia Palms," Otedoh describes every detail of the manufacture of these mats, including the origins and preparation of fibers. He discusses five types of common mats made from different parts of the two raffia palms *R. hookeri* and *R. vinifera*: 1) *Odjiko*, which can be 240 x 275 centimeters, is used as a ceiling, a shelter in a canoe, or as a burial shroud for a poor person. It is made from the pithy inner portion of *R. vinifera*, which is sliced with a cutlass, dried in the sun, and twined with raffia. 2) The mat called *ekpaekpa* is made from rougher fibers of the same plant; it is smaller and is used chiefly for drying cassava. 3) *Ewhere* mats, made from wider strips of the inner portion of *R. vinifera*, are used daily for protection against the elements, as a sleeping surface, or to protect the head when carrying heavy loads. 4) *Ide* mats, made from the leaflets of *R. vinifera*, are used for window screens. 5) *Ere* mats are made not from the raffia palm but from a semiaquatic plant.
3. In the same article, Otedoh tells how *imirhe're* (*Cyperus articulatus Linn.*) is gathered and prepared (p. 176).
4. These mats are made from the pithy inner portion of *R. vinifera*, which has been dried, trimmed and twined with colored raffia (Otedoh, p. 178).
5. Otedoh describes how raffia is dyed black (p. 176): "It is carefully arranged in a pot containing water, leaves and twigs of ewon (*Alchornea cordifolia Muell. Arg.*) and pieces of iron pots, probably as a mordant, and firmly covered with a lid. The whole is boiled and at intervals the lid is removed and the raffia turned to ensure that all parts of it are black; it is later removed and put in the sun to dry. The black colour is fast."

O'CONNELL, *Bibliography, from page 51*
Much of the research for this article was conducted in northwestern Liberia in 1973 and 1974 in the Bandi clan of Wawoma. The late William Morlu, who at the time of research was headman of the laborers of the Episcopal Mission, Bolahun, and the oldest man in Wawoma clan, provided me with a great deal of information.
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EKPO, *Notes, from page 75*
This paper is based on field research conducted in Nigeria in fall 1976. I would like to acknowledge the assistance of Mrs. Jill Nicklin, who has been doing research in the Cross River area for many years; Dr. Ekpo Eyo, Director of the National Museum, Lagos; and Dr. Gordon Gibson, Curator for African Exhibitions at the Smithsonian Institution.
1. My informant, who I shall call Mr. Inyang, is from the Qua people in Calabar.
2. The botanical name for this plant is not yet available, but a specimen has been sent to a botanist for identification.
3. Marriot (1899:21) calls this animal a tiger or leopard. The tiger, however, is not indigenous to Africa, and the leopard is spotted, not striped. The animal is most likely a cub; the Efik word for lion is *ekpe*, and the African species of lion is striped when young.
4. Plant names are given in the Annang dialect. My informants, Okon and Edet Udom, are from Ikot Ekpene. The Annang represent the major craftsmen of the region and even though Ekpe is not indigenous to them, they make and sell the costume.
5. Jill Nicklin explained to me that her husband, who is Ethnographer at the National Museum, Lagos, had traced this cloth to an Ibo village near Arochukwu.
6. A full member of the society at Adadia provided information on Ekpe initiation.

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BOURGEOIS, *Notes, from page 77*
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1. This *lemba* is the representative of the eldest brother of a person's matrilineal great-grandmother. The term is equally applied to a mother's brother and grandmother's brother. The *lemba* representative of the great-great uncle has an important role in the ritual treatment of "hereditary" diseases as well as attending to neglect or abuse of power on the part of the other *lemba*.
2. Formerly a ne'er-do-well slave was dispatched by the newly invested chief by means of a single blow with the *mbele-poko*. Today a goat sacrifice serves this purpose.
3. Ladislas Segy, *African Sculpture Speaks*, 4th ed. (New York: DaCapo Press, 1975), p. 254.
4. Leon De Sousberghe, *L'Art Pende* (Brussels: Académie Royale de Belgique, 1958), pp. 139-140.
5. De Sousberghe illustrates Pende *nkandu* hatchets with representations of antelope horns carved on the lower handle (*L'Art Pende*, pls. 255, 258). A complete abandonment of charm statuettes occurred in the early 1960s among the Northern Suku.
6. *Im Schatten des Kongostaates*, 1907, p. 44.

KAY, *Notes, from page 41*
1. Gerhard Lindblom, *The Akamba in British East Africa* (Uppsala: Appelbergs Boktryckeri Aktiebolag, 1920), p. 357.
2. Lindblom, *The Akamba*, pp. 357-366.
3. Maude Wahlman, *Contemporary African Arts* (Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History, 1974), pp. 34-39.
4. Robert Plant Armstrong, review of "Art in Africa Today," *African Arts* 7, 4 (1974), pp. 72-74. See also Maude Wahlman, "A Festival of Contemporary Arts," *African Arts* 7, 3 (1974), pp. 16-17, 69-71.

COURLANDER, *Notes from page 88*
1. Leo Frobenius and Douglas C. Fox, *African Genesis* (Harrisburg, 1937), p. 30.
2. *Dieli* also means blood.
3. Explained by the narrator: *Dieli* are a hereditary class, just as metalworkers (*noumou*) and leatherworkers (*garamke*) are hereditary classes. Each of them "belongs" to a particular noble family and may not work for anyone else. There are different kinds of *dieli*. Some sing and play instruments such as the *n'goni* or *balam*, others recite without instrumental accompaniment.
4. Meaning young girl of marriageable age.
5. A more elaborate, and somewhat different, version of this legend is to be found under the title, "The Fight With the Bida Dragon" in *African Genesis*. In the Frobenius-Fox version it is not Sako who kills the snake but another hero, Mamadi Sefe Dekote. Sako is sent out to kill Mamadi Sefe Dekote for what he has done, but instead Sako purposely allows him to escape.
6. A generic group that includes Mandingo people.
7. Explained by narrator: The old woman remained living in the village. The rhinoceros in the bush was an extension of her human self.
8. According to the narrator, "a food like rice water with sour cream."

MACGAFFEY, *Notes, from page 17.*
1. C.S. Brown and Y.R. Chapelle, "The Quest for Afro-American Heritage," in *African Religions*, ed. N.S. Booth, (New York, 1977), p. 248.
2. G.W. Cable, "The Dance in Place Congo," *Century Magazine*, vol. 31 (Feb., 1886), p. 519.
3. K.E. Laman, *The Kongo*, vol. 4 (Uppsala, 1968), pp. 77-78.
4. Laman, *The Kongo*, p. 77-78.
5. R.F. Thompson, "African Influence on the Art of the United States," in *Black Studies in the University*, eds. A.L. Robinson, C.C. Foster and D.H. Ogilvie (New Haven, 1969).

Acknowledgments
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